

Another Renegade

By H. R. Keas

One more labor magazine has heard the golden call. "Western Railway Journal," published monthly in Los Angeles by The Railway Men's Publishing Company, Inc., once a journal of much promise in the labor world, has gone definitely reactionary. This magazine, of excellent typographical appearance, enjoys a general circulation among railroad men of the western states. Class-conscious railroad workers in the western territory and elsewhere who are acquainted with the past record of this magazine, especially during the year 1918 and 1919, will be bitterly disappointed when they contrast its present policy with that of a short time ago.

Altho the magazine, was not, strictly speaking, a radical labor journal, it formerly gave space to articles treating of the different phases of the growing labor movement both here and abroad, without fear or favor. Its policy was that of an "open forum" for the railroad union membership and the only restrictions as to articles appearing in its pages were that "all contributions must be signed by the writer to insure publication. Individual contributors are responsible for their own articles." Under this arrangement the magazine became in fact, an open forum. Many first-rate articles and letters were given space, most of them permeated with the new militant spirit of class-conscious labor. Many sincere and honest railroad workers contributed articles, letters and cartoons to its pages without thought of remuneration. Here is "our journal," they said. Here we may have a hearing, and become acquainted with the views of our fellow workers in turn. As contrasted with the repressive policy of the official union journals, the magazine rapidly gained a large following. Both sides of every question were given opportunity to express their views. Never "hidobound," it was an open medium of expression. What more could the railroad workers ask?

But all this has been changed. No longer will the progressive and class-conscious spirits among the railroad men turn to its pages with hopes running high. The golden call has been the deciding factor. Of this, the writer first became conclusively aware in the fall of 1919. In the latter part of August of that year, the American working people were horrified with the news of the dastardly crime committed by Steel Trust Gannett, in the brutal murder of Mrs. Fannie Sellins, an A. F. of L. organizer, at Brackenridge, Pennsylvania. Filled with the terrible injustice of such actions against the working class by the hirelings of capital, the writer, up to this time a frequent contributor to its pages, forwarded to "Western Railway Journal," a short article, fully authenticated, covering the commission of the crime, together with a small cut of poor Mrs. Sellins' crushed head, made from a photo taken after her body had been removed to the morgue. At the same time, the writer also forwarded to them a marked copy of another article and photo appearing in a contemporary labor journal

published in the east, fully covering the horrible crime, with the suggestion that could they not print the article contributed by the writer, they at least publish the cut and give the facts, using as much of either article as was necessary to do this. The cut and the article contributed by the writer were returned to him, the editor giving the excuse that he "could not publish account too aggressive." Too aggressive! When the entire American labor movement was smarting with the hideousness of this cold-blooded crime against one of its beloved leaders. Undaunted by the rebuff, the writer, in a letter to one of the associate editors of the journal, took the chief editor to task. The associate editor immediately placed the matter before his chief. Here is his account of the affair. I quote his letter in part:

".....You said something! It was bully and hit the spot. I took it up to our big chief and sat down and told him to read and digest it. I thought it would ruffle him, but it did not; he acknowledged without hesitation that you were right and said that you expressed his real feelings, but he had been warned several times to go a little easy for the time being and as he was under obligations to those who were behind the paper, he did not want to take a chance just now of getting us in bad with an element that would be pleased to make it interesting for our cause." What a spineless policy for a professional labor paper. Labor paper indeed!

Now, increasing number of the railroad workers of the western states and elsewhere will wonder as to just who are "those.....behind the paper." But they will not have to wonder long. We find the answer in the July, 1920, number of this once promising magazine. No longer is this journal the open forum of the disinherited and toiling wage-slave, but, topping its editorial columns, we find a statement that the "Western Railway Journal" has "no patience with violence and disorder." The violence and disorder of the master class? We wonder. That "we do not believe in and do not approve of the direct action as advocated by the I. W. W.'s or Reds, and will not publish anything encouraging it." And following this a short endorsement of the middle-of-the-fence policy that has kept American labor hopelessly muddled for the past forty years.

Then we come to the leading editorial, "I. W. W.-ism." Here we find a short mention of the Centrality trial, the alleged interference by radicals with the war plans of the government, the destroying of thousands of dollars worth of produce; allegations many of which have been definitely proven untrue. The editor then treats of the recent and still continuing deportations of alien radicals, censures the I. W. W. and "radicals of every kind," in a venomous effusion which would do credit to the best capitalist examples of this kind. No getting at the facts. No apparent desire to ascertain the truth about these matters and to

present them impartially to the reader for him to judge. Only bitter denunciation of everything radical in general. And right at the time when all thinking elements of the American labor movement are rapidly going radical-ward. Right at the time when the Attorney-General and the Department of Justice are undergoing the most severe condemnation by the liberal element of the country for the recent brutal raids and deportations. Condemnation and allegations supported by indisputable evidence which all fair-minded persons can not logically question. But then, we go on a bit further and here we find the reason for the change of policy, for the effusions of venom, for the throttling of labor's cause. Fat advertising contracts do not reconcile themselves with fearless advocacy of labor's real interests. As a naive acknowledgement of their obligations to "those.....behind the paper," why this support is so freely given and why we may expect to find many more editorials of a reactionary character in the pages of this "labor" journal in its future issues, the article is a gem. We quote it in its entirety, typographical errors and all:

"PATRONAGE APPRECIATED."

"The patronage given the Western Railway Journal this month by the merchants and business men of Portland, Centralia and Chehalis is greatly appreciated by the railroadmen who own and control the Journal. By this support we are able to circulate the Journal more freely among the railroad men, and do what we can to advance the cause of good unionism. The Journal ADVOCATES AMERICANISM and not Bolshevism, and I. W. W.-ism, and does not in any way encourage the red or radical extremists. It hankers not to follow the rainbow of extreme radicalism into unpioneered paths or across uncharted seas. Unionism is plenty good enough for American labor, and we hope to soon see peace and harmony between the employers and the employees."

There we have it. Do not take the writer's word for it. All that is necessary is for one to go over the files of the magazine during the time from 1918 to the present. Note that as the matters of vital interests to labor were "soft-pedalled" or not mentioned at all, the fat advertising contracts increased inversely. Especially note the July, 1920, number, from which the writer has quoted. Note the "patronage given..... by the merchants and business men of.....Centralia"—Centralia! Where the policy of labor hatred and repression pursued by the business element of this western town was primarily responsible for the attack on the I. W. W. hall by men of the American Legion, and the resultant tragedy. What support for a labor journal to accept! Support dripping with blood. And the "good" unionism, forsooth! That "good unionism" so much in favor with the capitalist masters of America, which idea has been given such admirable expression by Finley Peter Dunne, in the quaint old Irish wit of "Mr. Dooley." "But," says Mr. Hennessey, "these open shop men ye menshun say they are fr th' unions iv properly con-

The Collapse of Interchurch World Movement

By Mary Senior

Written for the Federated Press
New York:—(N. Y. Bureau) Putting God on a sound financial basis, the task undertaken by the Interchurch World Movement, has proved a wild-cat scheme.

The movement has collapsed, in spite of the vote just taken by the General Committee to continue. "Though on a greatly modified scale," it has collapsed largely because "holly-minded capital, when it found the Interchurch Movement entering its own precincts by making investigations of large industrial centers, decided that the concern of the church was with the other world and not with this, and withdrew its financial support."

So long as the interchurch leaders planned schools and missions to encircle the earth with piety, and so long as they issued advertisements of the kind that pictured a large cross at the top but a photograph of Roger Babson at the bottom, so long as they spoke of their ministers as the stewards and business agents of the Lord, chosen to put over his business on this globe, capital handed over large sums. But when the Industrial Relations Department of the Interchurch World Movement laid down the principle last October that labor has the right to bargain collectively and began its investigation of the steel industry at the time of the big strike, the Interchurch ran into a snag. Ructions began.

The first break which indicated trouble below the surface came in the last week in May when General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church withdrew from the Movement. The reasons given out for the severance were that the Movement was spending too much money and using wasteful methods.

In reality, Banquo's ghost, the steel investigation, was present at the feast. Maitland Alexander, a minister in the fashionable section of Pittsburgh trying to hide the embarrassing spectre behind the extravagance charges, led the opposition. He is a member by marriage of the Laughlin family of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, next to the Bethlehem, the most powerful independent steel company in the country. The company is unalterably opposed to labor and practically owned the steel town of Woodlawn, Pa., where constitutional rights of free speech, press and assembly have been crushed. In Alexander's congregation which is composed largely of steel manufacturers or those interested in the industry, feeling ran high over the steel report. Dr. Alexander, in denying the charges made by liberal members of the Movement that he was influenced by

duets," said Mr. Dooley, "I properly conducted. An' there we are. An' how would they have them conducted? No strikes, no rules, no contracts, no scales, hardly any wages, an' damn few members."

"steel" in urging the withdrawal of the Presbyterians, said: "Personally I could not see how a body could accomplish anything by dabbling in industrial affairs when their work was supposed to be along spiritual lines."

The next group to leave the Movement were the Northern Baptists, who withdrew late in June. The move was urged by the Rev. J. Y. Aitchison of the Allegheny County committee, who with other Pittsburgh members ruled that none of the subscriptions made in their county should be used for such "side issues" as the steel investigation. Allegheny County is in the heart of the steel district.

In the meantime, the bone of contention, the 90,000 word steel report was effectively "side-tracked." No interim report was issued during the crisis of the steel strike when it would have been effective. Now that unionism in the steel industry has been almost completely crushed, the Committee promises to flood the country with free copies of the full report.

The history of the vicissitudes through which the report has gone makes a story in itself. From the moment the investigators struck the steel districts the steel masters got busy. Investigators carrying letters from prominent men and women, called upon officials in the steel works, asking that all facts and statistics be made available to them for a careful, impartial study. They were advised to return to New York City and go no further. If they wanted information the New York steel offices could give it to them, they were informed. Spies of the steel company seemed to spring from the earth to watch, to listen, and to follow the investigators. Conversations were started by strange men, leading questions were asked. The investigators found that their telephone calls and mail were being received by men registered at hotels in their names.

A report from one of these "under informers" to Judge Gary in New York, came into the hands of one of the investigators. The opening paragraphs are given here:

"November 12th, 1919.
"Special report in re Interchurch World Movement of America of 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City:
"After an investigation of this movement I find that there are a large number of radicals in it.
"First, the man in charge of the publicity is Robert Bruere, who is the same party that wrote a book called 'On the Trail of I. W. W.' This book was a sob story about the way that the I. W. W. had been treated in the past. He was also a member of the I. W. W. belonging to one of the New York Locals.

"A Mr. Soules, who is now in Pittsburgh, having an office in the Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church building, corner Smithfield Street and Seventh Avenue, is another radical, and was a member of the National Liberties League of New York and also a member of the I. W. W. He is now here for this organization investigating the steel strike and carrying a small kodak, making pictures around the steel districts. These photographs are to be used in the coming investigating work which will be conducted in Pittsburgh in the near future.

"Another one of the party here is Miss Arvone, and also Mary O'Brien, or Mrs. Van Vort; both of them are radicals."

Members of the investigating committee have pointed out in this extract, which composes only a fourth of the full report, no less than six errors. Robert Bruere was never in any way connected with the steel survey nor with the I. W. W. The Soules referred to is meant to be Mr. Soules, who has never been a member of the I. W. W. There is no organization of the name of the National Liberties League. No kodaks were used by the investigators until long after the filing of this report. Mary Heaten Vorse is meant by Mrs. Van Vort.

Soon after this the Interchurch Movement began to show "cold feet" about the rash step of investigating the business of its chief members and contributors.

When the spy's libelous report was published in their journal by the Ohio Merchants' Association, which opposed the Interchurch, the Interchurch did not rise to defend its own investigators. Only upon the insistence of one of the libeled men did the Interchurch finally threaten to sue the merchants association, but it absolutely balked when asked by this same investigator to determine the sources of the false report. It even suggested that the libeled workers furnish affidavits of their personal records.

The report would have been entirely suppressed, it is said, except for the persistence of the strike commission. They appeared in a body at the Cleveland meeting of the Interchurch May 10, to insist upon action. Certain

The Black Sheep.

Commencement.

CHAPTER XL.

While Jack and Collins were attending the new historic trial at Boise, Olive Anderson graduated from High School at Anamosa, after which, she was persuaded by her mother to take a trip to Colorado, for her summer vacation. Needless to say, the idea was entirely agreeable to her, nor was the reason for her willingness obscure. Colorado at this time was the storm center of the class war. And it was the class war in which she was supremely interested. Had her mother known the real cause of her willingness she would have opposed her going with all her power. But Mrs. Anderson, like most bourgeois mothers, knew nothing of the class struggle neither did she know anything of the power with which it grips the human soul. She thought that her daughter was in love with her, an unknown boy. As a matter of fact Olive was infected with Socialism, and was going through what may be termed the acute stage. Jack was a factor in her life, the ideals of Socialism were her life itself.

She had an uncle who lived at Boulder, Colorado. He was her mother's brother. Mrs. Anderson felt sure that if she could get her child from under the influence of her husband and under the brother's care, she would be far less likely to meet the boy again, and if she did the mother knew that her brother would be a formidable opponent to the boy. Mrs. Anderson expected Jack to return at harvest time to the wheat fields of North Dakota with intention of harvesting more than wheat. With a mind that seldom raised itself above the ritualism of religion or the gossip of the neighborhood she could see in her daughter's interest in the boy, nothing higher than a mere sex attraction. It must be said however, that Olive's conversation, and the occasional letters she happened to find in the room greatly tended to strengthen her suspicions. She firmly resolved, to leave no stone unturned in her endeavor to keep these two apart.

The fact that if Olive corresponded with him from North Dakota, she would correspond with him from Colorado, and that if the boy would come back to her in North Dakota she would also go to her in Colorado, was not lost to the mind of mother Anderson. It also figured prominently in the calculations of her husband. True, Anderson pointed out these facts to his spouse and urged not without logic that if what Mrs. Anderson feared were true, it would be better to have the girl at home, where they could watch the progress of the affair, and if need be use drastic measures to stop it. While, if she met him in Colorado, she would be practically left to her own devices.

Sound as Anderson's logic undoubtedly was, it had little or no weight with his wife. Nothing he ever did or said had any weight, with her except his pocket book. Between him and his wife, love had died years ago. She surrendering her love to Jesus, and he devoting himself to business and cultivating a misguided zeal trying to keep his daughter ignorant of the ways of the world. To his wife, he was little more than a source of income. With customary bourgeois intelligence, she took the money he gathered, and spent it on her beloved parson, and the conventional church charities, thanking God, instead of him.

But, if Anderson's logic was good, his wife could not see it. She feared that her husband with his apparent admiration for the boy, would probably encourage, rather than oppose, Olive's association with him. In this, however, she was entirely mistaken. Anderson loved his daughter above everything else on earth. Mrs. Anderson could not see that, but her daughter knew it. With Olive, his mistakes had been those of the heart rather than the brain, that is as far as his relations with her. He was concerned for his child, except to see the flower of her genius bloom forth unhampered, to its richest color and fragrance. While her mother, contrary to the conventional conception of what mothers ought to be, wanted to use Olive as a link with which to tie herself to her favorite social clique.

Thus it was, that Mrs. Anderson calculated that her brother in Colorado, whose religious and social proclivities were very much like her own, would be a more formidable enemy to Jack, than her husband.

Of one thing she felt certain, that her brother would consult her, on all matters pertaining to the girl's welfare, and do his utmost to enforce her mother's will upon the child. While her husband would, as a general rule, consult either his own mind, or yield to his daughter's. For these reasons she decided to let Olive go to Boulder for the summer, where she would be in a community of her church brethren, and where later she could enter the university.

She felt certain that her brother would co-operate with her to the fullest extent. In fact she had written him what she considered to be the facts in the case, and he had agreed to buy Jack off as soon as he appeared on the scene, failing in which, he would send Olive home immediately. These plans she had kept care-

fully guarded from her husband. Altho it must be said to his credit that he suspected something of this order, and frankly told Olive what he considered the mother's plan to be.

One evening while working in his office, with Olive helping him file some letters, he stopped suddenly, and said, as he found one of Jack's letters in the unopened mail, "You must understand me Olive, that I do not approve of your correspondence with that young fellow, for the very good reason, that I know nothing about him. But that is not saying that I know all the decent and desirable people in the world. He may be as good as any man on earth. I know he has more brains than the average. He may be alright, and if he is, and you love him I'll give you both a start. And if he is not, and you are convinced that he can make you happy, don't rush things, but bring him home, and I will help you make him what he ought to be. Your mother thinks that I am afraid to let you go to your uncle, that is not the case you meet him there. If he is the right sort, he will treat you as you ought to be treated, and I have confidence enough in your natural ability, that I believe no man on earth could get the best of you. You know that your Dad will help you in any thing you want and he'll let you be the judge of whether it is good or bad. I have tried to make your life for you, and failed. Now I am going to try to help you make your own life, so that you will win, and after all that is what counts with me. Play fair with your Dad, Ollie and he will play fair with you."

"So I think you had better go to Colorado, and spend the summer running around the hills. This fall you can enter the University there, and I will come up and have a look as to how you are making it." Then after filling a pipe and causing it to describe its customary circle before his face from the corner of his mouth he added, "and when you get back into school, dig into your books, and forget those rotten papers you have been reading. They are enough to drive an average man crazy, let alone a silly romantic girl."

At all of this, Olive smiled a casual, good natured but not unappreciative smile. "It is no use for us to argue these questions, Daddy. We have argued them often enough. In fact we have done little else for the past eight months. The trouble with us is, that we look at life from different angles. To me the purpose of life is to serve my fellow men, to help them to improve their lot, and you live to see your fellow men, to improve your lot. You may be right and I wrong, but if you are right, it is no use that I educate myself, I would rather that death overtake me, before I actually take part in this world's affairs, than to live with the consciousness that I have done justice to my fellow beings."

Anderson waved his hand in a depreciatory gesture. "Utopia Ollie bug-house utopia," he said emphatically. I bet you fifty dollars that even your sweetheart would take what he can get, wherever he can get it. Such ideas as you have are born of empty pockets in men, and of empty heads in women. You take yourself too seriously. That is all. You are bent on making a lot of crazy sacrifices for which the mob won't thank you. The popular guy is the guy who gets it. Then after a pause, during which he evened the first admirably, he continued: "Any way, after all is said and done, parasite as I am, I am the best friend you have on earth, Ollie, and dura your little hide you know it."

"Why of course I know it," said his daughter, as she walked over to him and ran her fingers thru his hair. "I don't blame you, but the system."

"Now cut that out. You talk like Case Bateman, that crazy socialist down on Lake Anthony. He is always hollering about the system. I'd give a dollar to break up what little system he has." Then in a softer vein, "Now Ollie be reasonable. What could I have done for you, if I didn't get it off the other fellow?"

"That's where the system is wrong. There is enough for all, and we should so conduct society, that all could have enough, as a reward for service rendered," Olive persisted.

"Oh, those rotten papers. I wish I knew who sent them to you. Still don't misunderstand me. I don't say there is no truth in them."

Ever since Olive had met Jack and the consequent change in her mental attitude towards things as they were in her class in society, Anderson had tried with his customary thoroughness to rehabilitate his daughter's shaken trust in him. He had succeeded most admirably, for instead of an alienation a closer and very practicable comradeship had grown up between him and his daughter. He realized that she knew the game, and discussed it frankly with her, and she understood, and loved him because of his fearlessness in telling her the truth. Truth, the reality of which she despised. What was true of his attitude toward her in business relations, and social conduct was even more true in his attitude toward the boy with whom his daughter corresponded. He at all times took a nonchalant attitude, simply discussing probable fact, and drawing impersonal conclusions from to look upon the whole affair in a them. In this way, he taught the girl healthy manner, and she freely gave him all the facts in which he was so deeply interested. He read all the boy's letters, and much of her replies.

(Continued next week)

The White Terror in Hungary

III.

The delegates of the British Trade Unions lost no time in protesting, in Budapest as well as in London, against the active assistance of their government to the worst deeds of the White Terror.

They had been sufficiently warned by the experience of the Italian Delegates, so that they did not expect any marvelous results from their journey. They would be content, they intimated, if the impressive indictment collected within three days in Vienna among the refugees from Hungary, among people, part of whom still bear marks of tortures visibly on their bodies might be shown by them but once to the author of the White Terror, Admiral Horthy, and to his protector, the British Plenipotentiary Minister at Budapest, Mr. Hohler. This man is to high degree personally responsible for all these atrocities, chiefly perhaps by the report to his government about "the alleged White Terror", which was submitted to the British Parliament and which should be read by every worker in order to see by it how the diplomacy of haughty capitalists may mock the sufferings of the working-class. Today the delegates of the British Trade Unions know enough to give, in a counter-report, a due answer to this master-hypocrite. This answer too may claim the attention of the workers of the world.

The delegation of British Labor left Vienna yesterday for England. They have seen most horrible things. Colonel Wedgwood is soon to speak in Parliament, and all of them will report to the Labor Party and submit their executive a resolution, which is going to be dealt with at the national meeting of the Labor party at Scarborough on the 21st of June. To this day the tortured Hungarian proletariat is looking forth with yearning hopes.

On May 28th the London conference confirmed the resolution of the Amsterdam office of the Trade Unions' Federation, namely: to boycott Horthy-Land as a protest against White Terror and as a means of fighting against this governmental method. As far as the practical executive is concerned, the attitude of the trade union of British Transport Workers

will of decisive importance. The transport workers of the countries represented in the Interallied Federation—England, France, Austria, Holland, Germany and Denmark.—All, there is no doubt about it, know their duty.

On the very same day the Norwegian Labor Party protested most vehemently against the toleration of this disgraceful regime and called on the workers of the world to fight against it.

Thus from four sides at least an appeal has been made or will be made to the working classes of the world, to do whatever they can for their Hungarian brothers, who are thrown helplessly at the mercy of the common enemy. The White Terror is raging in Hungary; it is as cynical and as insatiable as that of Thiers and Gallifet in 1871 at Paris, as cruel and insatiable as that of General Mannerheim in Finland in 1918. It is obviously growing, and new orgies of blood are being prepared. Some 6,000 persons have already been murdered, more than 60,000 are pining in camps and prisons and every one of them may be killed by any officer, whenever it pleases the latter. So far not one these uniformed murderers has been made to answer for his crimes.

A feeling of deadly anxiety oppresses the industrial workers and the agricultural laborers of the whole country. These are conditions which touch upon the lot of every worker in every country of the world. They are possible only because of the lack of solidarity among the workers. Working class solidarity is the only thing that can alter them.

But for the moment solidarity means: to be as strong as possible in the struggle against one's own capitalism, against one's own capitalistic government. A working class incapable of this may expect to see the Hungarian horrors one day in its own country. They may not believe it today; even yesterday it was not believed in Hungary. It has become an experience today. The workers of every country have good reasons to keep their eyes, that have been sharpened by watching the Hungarian example, well open at home.

The Hungary of today is the laboratory for all great reactionary experiment.

(The End)